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A BRIEF RELATION OF HIS Majesties, AND THE FRENCH KINGS FORCES UNDER MY [illegible] COMMAND, WITH THE DUTCH

The 11th. of August, 1673.

Near the TEXEL.

Printed in the Year, 1673.

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The true state of Affairs, 1673.

Near the Texel.

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A brief Relation of His Majesties, and the *French* Kings Forces under my Command, with the *Dutch*, the 11th. of *August*, 1673. near the *Texel*.

UPon *Monday*, the 11th. of *August*, at Day-break, we say the *Dutch* Fleet about a League and a Half to Windward, being then at E. S. E. fair Weather, and not far from the Shoar, at which time both their Fleet and ours were standing to the Northward. About Six of the Clock, I put Aboard the Signal for our Fleet to Tack to the South; which they did. Then the *French* had the Van, and my Self was in the Middle, and Sir *Edward Sprage* in the Rear. About the same time the *Dutch* Fleet Bore down upon us; and *De Ruyter* sent the Vice-Admiral of *Zealand*, with Seven Men of War to Engage the whole *French* Squadron: Admiral *Trump* with his Squadron (being about Twenty Six Men of War, and Seven Fire-ships) Engaged Sir *Edward Sprage*: And the *Blew* Squadron (who had their Top-sail to the Mast to stay for them) contrary to my

Expreſs Order, and his own Duty. *De Ruyter*, and *Bankuret*, with all the reſt of the Fleet, Fire-ſhips, and Men of War, came on upon Me, and my Squadron. About Eight of the Clock the Fight began, and about Nine there fell a Fog, with ſmall Rain, which Continued till Twelve of the Clock: Then it Cleared up, and the Wind came to the *South*, which put the *French* Squadron (being a Head) to VVindward of the *Dutch*: At which time all the *French* (having the Wind) in ſtead of Tacking and Engaging the Enemy (as I expected from them) ſtood away to the S. E. the VVind then at S. S. VV. and ſtood full Two Leagues away before they Tacked again, and the Vice-Admiral of *Zealand* had left them, and came down upon us. At this time I ſaw Sir *John Chichley*, Rear-Admiral of the Red, to Leeward a great way: The whole Force of *De Ruyters*, and *Bankurets* Squadrons, lay upon my Diviſion, and Sir *John Harmons*; the Enemy having left off Sir *John Chichley*, and his Diviſion, ſo that about Twelve a Clock I had upon me *De Ruyter*, and his Squadron on my Lee-quarter, and the *Zealand* Squadron upon my Broad-ſide, to the VVindward. Having Fought thus ſome time with both my Broad-ſides, to VVindward and to Leeward, I edg'd down towards the Rear-Admiral of the *Red*, forcing the Enemy to give me way, and ſo Joyned with them.

After this, about Two a Clock, I diſcovered the *Blew* Squadron at a diſtance near three Leagues to Leeward, bearing N. N. E. and I not knowing what condition the Suadron was in, and finding the Guns not well laid, I made all the Sail I could to them, both to Joyn the Fleet, and to Help them, if Occaſion required; the VVind then being S. S. VV. *De Ruyter* no ſooner perceived my Reſolutions, but he Bore away with all the Fleet to the Relief of *Trump*, ſo that we came Down ſide by ſide within Range of Cannon Shot, without Firing on either ſide. And as we were Sailing down, we ſaw a great many of the *Blew* Squadron, which

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we judged I had received some Damage, to Windward of the Body, and likewise some of the Red, to which I Fired a Gun for them to Bear down to us: Notwithstanding which, they did not. About Four a Clock, we came near the *Blew* Squadron, where we found the Royal *Prince* wholly disabled, her Main-mast, Mizen-mast, and the Fore-top-mast Shot away, and discovered more Ships disabled. The Vice-Admiral of the *Blew* mending her Rigging, the Reer-Admiral (the Earl of *Ossery*) lying a Stern of the Royal *Prince*, between her and the Enemy, and two Friggots by him; upon which I sent immediately two Frigots to take the Royal *Prince* in a Toow, *Trumps* Squadron lying to the Eastward of them, some of them disabled in their Top-masts, and Yards, part of his Squadron with the Vice-Admiral, and Reer-Admiral standing to the Eastward, close to the wind with all the Sail they could to gain them, so I Tacked again upon the *Blew*: when we came near them (being about Four a Clock) *De Ruyter* fired a Gun, upon which *Trump* Taced, and *De Ruyter* bore down with all the Sail he could with all his whole Fleet, to make himself Master of our lame Ships. Upon which we lay by before to the windward of Sir *John Kempthorn*, to get our Fleet in Order to Attaque the Enemy again; I putting out the usual Signal, *viz.* the *Blew* Flag upon the Mizen Peke, to bring all our Ships into the general Wake, or Grains.

I sent also Ketches, Slopes, and Boats, to Ships that were to windward, to Command them in: whereupon we Bore up, and Sheered in between *De Ruyter* and our Lame Ships, and fired Guns to some of our own Ships to windward to Bear down, but none of them came near to Assist me except the Earl of *Ossery*, and Sir *John Kempthorn*, so that I had great Reason to believe that the *Blew* Squadron had been totally Lost, except I had so happily come to their Relief; since they were so Disabled, as no more of them but their two Flag Ships only gave me Assistance, after I came down.

About

About Five a Clock, *De Ruyter* with all his Flags and Fleet, came Side by Side close up with me, so there began again a very sharp Encounter. This Evenings Engagement I had none to Second me, besides the Vice-Admiral, and Rear-Admiral of the *Blew*, but Sir *John Harmon*, Captain *Davis*, in the *Triumph*, and Captain *Stout*, in the *Warspike*: And of my own Division, Sir *John Holmes*, in the *Raven*, Captain *Legg*, in the Royal *Katherine*, Sir *John Berry*, in the *Resolution*, Sir *John Ernsly*, in the *Henry*, Sir *Roger Strickland*, in the *Mary*, Captain *Carter*, in the *Crow*, a Fourth-rate, and Captain *Bath*, in the *Pearl*, a Fifth-rate, in all not above Thirteen or Fourteen Ships.

The Fight was very Sharp, and Close, I forced the Enemy into a great Disorder, and then sent two Fire-Ships amongst them, which encreast it: And if the *French* then Lying within Distance, had obeyed my Signal, and Born down upon the Enemy according to their duty, I must have Routed them, and Torn them all to Pieces. It was the plainest, and greatest Opportunity was ever lost at Sea.

The Fight continued till the day was near spent, and the Sun was just Setting, when I Edg'd off with an easie Sail, so as to Carry off the disabled Ships, and the *Dutch* also laid their Heads to the Eastward, and so the Battel ended.

Then came a Messenger from *Count de Estrees*, to receive Orders, and to know what was the Meaning of the *Blew* Flags being put upon the Mizen Peek: Which I could not but wonder at, since there was no Instruction plainer to be understood, or more necessary amongst the general Instructions for Fighting, which he had before hand. Besides, it wanted neither Signal, nor Instructions to tell him what he should have done at a time when the Case was so plain to every mans Eye in the whole Fleet.

The Enemy, when dark Night came, stood off to their own Coast, which I had reason to be glad of, resolving if I could avoid it, not to Venture an Engagement the next day, unless

unleſs I could have had a better Aſſurance, what *Count de Eſtrees* ment to do, who ſo ſhamefully failed me in the Battel.

Neither *Engliſh*, nor *French*, loſt one Ship of War, nor do I think the *Dutch* had much cauſe to Rejoyce. And conſidering the Horrible and Apparent Treachery, or Cowardiſe of the *French*, I reckon it the greateſt Providence, that ever befel me in my Life, that I brought off his Majeſties Fleet ſo.

FINIS.